

A Fawcett Publication

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

AUGUST

10¢

NO. 10



A chain of ACTION and THRILLS unfold in

**4 SPINE-TINGLING, WESTERN ADVENTURES!**

# BEAR BIKE FACTS

BY THE  
GILLETTE  
BEAR



BARON DRAIS OF GERMANY, STARTLED THE CITIZENS AND FRIGHTENED THE HORSES WHEN HE APPEARED ON THE STREETS OF MANNHEIM IN 1816 ASTRIDE HIS MECHANICAL "HOBBY-HORSE". FORERUNNER OF THE BICYCLE, IT BECAME KNOWN AS THE "ORAISSINNE", AND WAS PROPELLED SKOOTER-FASHION.



PACING MACHINES LIKE THIS—THREE, FOUR, FIVE, AND EVEN SIX SEATED—WERE USED IN THE PACED BIKE RACES OF THE 1890'S. THESE TEAMS HAD TO BE EXPERTS AT PRECISION, TIMING AND COORDINATION.



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## Bicycle Tires



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

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A Fawcett Publication

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IN

THE  
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SECOND CHANCE

—  
PLUS A SHORT STORY ~  
'THE SPIDER'S WEB'

And  
• HILL BILLY •  
PISTOL PACKIN' PATTIE  
• WHITEY WHISKERS •

And Others!

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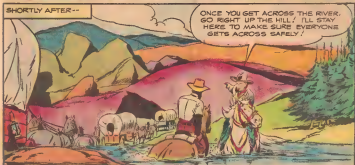
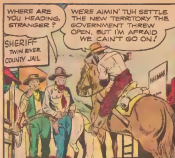
# HOPALONG CASSIDY

THE OPENING OF THE WEST CALLED FOR A HARDY BRAND OF PIONEERS. IT MEANT FIGHTING THE ELEMENTS AND THE INDIANS--AS THE INTREPID SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVER, HOPALONG CASSIDY, FOUND OUT WHEN HE WENT TO THE AID OF THE FRONTIERSMEN!

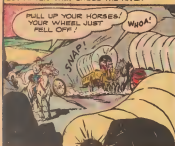
SHERIFF  
TWIN RIVER  
COUNTY JAIL

HEY, HOPALONG!  
LOOK! HERE COMES  
A CARAVAN OF  
COVERED WAGONS!





BUT AFTER THEY CROSS THE RIVER--



I RECKON IT SHOULDN'T TAKE US TOO LONG TUM FIX THE WHEEL!

I OPINE THE WAGONS BEHIND US WILL HAVE TUM WAIT TILL WERE THROUGH!



THERE'S NO SENSE HOLDING UP THE WHOLE CARAVAN! I'LL TELL THE OTHERS TO RIDE ON! YOU THREE CAN CATCH UP!



SHORTLY AFTER---

THAT'S THE ROAD WE HAVE TO TAKE IF WE WANT TO AVOID THE INDIANS! BUT WE CAN'T GO AHEAD TILL THE OTHER THREE WAGONS SHOW UP OR THEY WON'T KNOW WHICH ROAD WE TOOK!



YUH GO AHEAD, HOPALONGS! I'LL RIDE BACK AND TELL 'EM TUM MAKE SURE THEY TAKE THE RIGHT ROAD!



MEANWHILE--

THAR! THE WHEEL'S FIXED! IT WAS NICE OF YUH TO COME DOWN FROM YORE WAGONS AND GIVE ME A HAND!

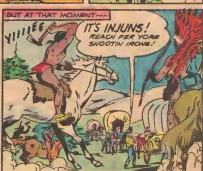
WE ALL GOTTA STICK TOGETHER!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT---

YIIIIIEE

IT'S INJUNS! REACH FER YORE SHOOTIN IRONS!





TAKEN BY SURPRISE, AND GREATLY OUTNUMBERED, THE VALIANT FRONTIERSMEN ARE WIPED OUT---

AT THAT MOMENT---

**INJUNS!**  
I'VE GOT T'EM GIT BACK AND WARN HOPALONGS!

BUT AS HE TURNS AROUND---

**UGH!**

ANOTHER PALEFACE SITS DUST!

SHORTLY AFTER--

HERE HE COMES!  
THE OTHER WAGONS SHOULD BE RIGHT BEHND!



WAIT! HE'S BEEN  
KILLED BY INDIANS!  
HE PROBABLY NEVER  
REACHED THE WAGONS!



I'VE GOT TO GO BACK AND  
WARN THE MEN ON THE  
OTHER WAGONS THERE  
ARE INDIANS  
AROUND!



WITH INDIANS  
AROUND WE'D  
BETTER NOT GO  
ON TILL YUH GET  
BACK! WE'LL  
MAKE CAMP  
HERE!

GOOD! DON'T LET  
ANYONE  
THROUGH  
EXCEPT  
YOUR OWN  
WAGONS!



EVERYBODY OUT!  
WE'RE MAKING  
CAMP!



LATER---

THE WAGON'S FIXED!  
I WONDER WHAT  
THEY'RE WAITING  
FOR?



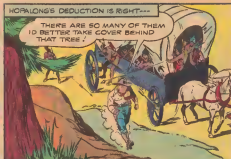
C'MON! LET'S GET A  
MOVE ON! THERE ARE  
INDIANS IN THESE  
PARTS!



GOSH! THE INDIANS BEAT ME HERE!  
THEY PROBABLY FIGURED  
OTHERS WOULD COME BACK TO  
LOOK FOR THESE THREE WAGONS  
AND IF THEY SAW DEAD  
MEN THEY'D RUN  
AWAY---



# HOPALONG CASSIDY







AND AS A FLAMING ARROW HITS EACH OF THE COVERED WAGON'S--



THE INDIANS ARE RUNNING! IT LOOKS AS IF THE FRONTIERSMEN HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL!



AND IN A SHORT WHILE THE WARRING INDIANS ARE BEATEN--

FROM HERE ON YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE! JUST RIDE STRAIGHT AHEAD AND YOU'LL REACH THE NEW TERRITORY!

WE'LL NEVER FORGET YUH, HOPALONG, FER THE HELP YUH GAVE US!



## DESCRIPTION

DIDN'T ANY ONE OF YOU SEE THE CROOK BEFORE HE GOT AWAY?

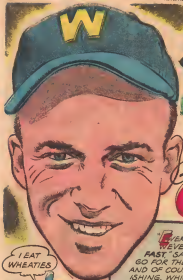


GREAT! WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?



-- ABOUT SIX FEET TALL WITH BLACK HAIR!





IN 1946 CASE RAN OFF WITH  
THE BASE STEALING CHAMPIONSHIP  
OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE  
FOR THE SIXTH TIME

George  
**CASE**

CHAMPION BASE  
STEALER OF THE  
AMERICAN  
LEAGUE

I EAT  
WHEATIES

"EVER SINCE WHEATIES AND I FIRST MET  
WE'VE BEEN TEAMMATES AT BREAK-  
FAST," SAYS GEORGE CASE. "I THINK YOU'LL  
GO FOR THEIR TOASTED WHOLE WHEAT FLAVOR,  
AND OF COURSE WHEATIES ARE PLENTY NOUR-  
ISHING, WHICH IS ONE REASON WHY SO MANY  
BALL PLAYERS EAT WHEATIES SO OFTEN."

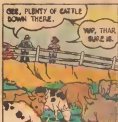
LET'S HAVE  
BREAKFAST,  
MATES

WHEATIES

"**BREAKFAST OF**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT **CHAMPIONS**"

WEARING FULL  
BASEBALL UNIFORM,  
CASE COVERS 100 YARDS  
IN 10 SECONDS FLAT.  
HE COULD HOLD HIS  
OWN IN COMPETITION  
WITH THE CHAMPION  
SPRINTERS

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions"  
are registered trade names of  
General Mills, Inc.



THE CASE OF  
"THE WEED-POORED  
BURGLAR"

Deschell Hummerts  
**Adventures of  
SAM SPADE**

LISTEN BO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening 8:30 on Columbia (CBS) System stations. See red tie lying in the paper.

SAM AND BYRNE ARE SPENDING SUNDAY AT LONELY ORCHARD-BAY, AS THEY WALK ON THE BEACH. BYRNE NOTICES SOMETHING REGULAR AND REMARKS...

SAM, LOOK AT THOSE RAINY BE THINGS!

YEA? KIND OF LIKE OVER-CROWN DUCK FEET, AREN'T THEY?

HEY LISTEN...

HELP!

BYRNE COME BACK HERE. WATERS BAD FOR YOUR HAIR!

I KNOW SWIMWEATHERS WHO USE WILDROOT OIL-OL. THE WATER ISN'T DAMSEL IN DISGUISE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BABY? DON'T YOU SHARE YOUR WORRIES?

WORSE THAN THAT--SOMEONE CLIMB ON BOARD AND SOLE MY JEWELRY!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SOMEONE CLIMB ABOARD--ONE OF THESE RAINY PRODUCE DID THE JOB!

THEN WHO PLACED THIS PATH OF WATER ACROSS THE DECK TO MY OWN?

SAM EXAMINES THE DECK, THEN HE REMEMBERS THE TRACERS BYRNE SAW IN THE SAND. AND...

...BACK ON SHORE--THERE TRACERS LEAD SAM STRAIGHT TO A WOODEN CAVE

JUST AS I THOUGHT--AN UNDERWATER SWIMMING SUIT!

AND HERE ARE MY THINGS!

SAM, QUICK--SOMEONE COMING!

THAT'S RIGHT, BABY. TAKE THE CAR AND GET THE POLICE!

OKAY! AND I'LL BRING THAT WILDROOT CREAM-OL FROM THE CAR, TOO. YOUR HUSBAND A HUSBAND!

THINK IT FROM SAM SPADE IF YOU WANT TO NOTICE A BIG IMPROVEMENT IN YOUR APPEARANCE. GET WILDROOT CREAM-OL. NAME YOURS AND USE IT REGULARLY.

HERE THEY COME, BOB!

GOOD! THE CHEER'LL BE GLAD TO GET THIS GUY!

WILDROOT CREAM-OL HAIR TONIC

LARRY

SAM, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT DILLY DYING SUIT?

NOT A GUY WITH THAT SNAKE ON THE ROAT SWIMWEATHER AND WHO KNOWS--I MAY HAVE TO SWIM HOME.

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

and the 'STRANGE DEATH'

WHO'S THAT RIDIN'  
THIS WAY, HOPALONG?

IT'S FRISCO PHIL! AND  
THE WAY HE'S GALLOPIN'.  
SOMETHING TELLS ME  
HE FINALLY FOUND  
GOLD IN THAT  
MINE OF  
HIS!



HIYA, FRISCO! HAVE ANY LUCK WITH  
THAT MINE OF YOURS?

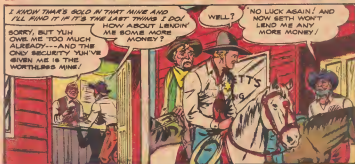
WAL, I FOUND  
SUMPIN' AND I'M HOPIN'  
IT'S GOLD!

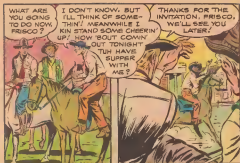


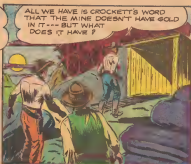
I'M A HEADIN' FER THE ASSAYER'S  
OFFICE! WANT  
LET'S GO, HOPALONG!  
WE GOT NUTHIN' ELSE TUN  
DO NOW ANYWAY!











WHILE AT  
SETH'S OFFICE--

WHEN HE FINDS OUT THE MINE  
IS FULL OF COPPER, HE'S BOUND  
TUH SUSPECT YUH!  
I TELL YUH WE'D  
BETTER OOT!

I'M NOT  
RUNNIN'--

---AND HOPALONG  
RODE OFF TUH  
THE GEOLOGIST!

--IN FACT, I  
AIM TUH  
MEET HIM  
HALF WAY!

HAVE YUH  
GONE PLUMB  
LOCO, SETH?

JUST WAIT AND SEE LA RUE!  
C'MON!

SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE TWIN RIVER HILLS--

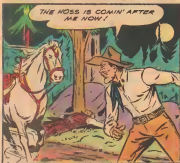
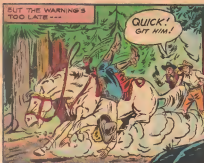
IF HOPALONG COMES LOOKIN' FER ME  
HE HAS TUH COME THIS WAY! THIS ROPE  
WILL MAKE SHORE HE HAS A NICE TRIP!

NOW ALL WE HAVE TUH  
DO IS WAIT!

REVENGE  
-- ONLY  
YOU  
CAN  
PREVENT  
FOREST  
FIRES!

KEEP GOING, TOPPER! WE'VE GOT TO  
REACH SETH BEFORE HE FINDS OUT I  
STUMBLED ON TO HIS GAME!

WATCH OUT,  
TOPPER!





SOMETHING NEW IN COMICS..

IT'S DIFFERENT!  
IT'S EXCITING!  
IT'S ON SALE NOW!

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IN DRAMATIC PICTURES!

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Look for the Red Ball Trade-Mark in  
the Store and on the Sole of the Shoe

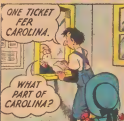


## Ball-Band

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NEW YORK, N.Y.

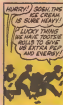
# PISTOL PACKIN' PATTIE

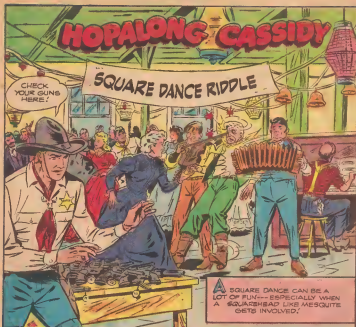
"POSITIVE PROOF"





# TOOTSIE SAYS THE SCHOOL PARTY

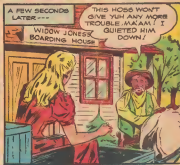
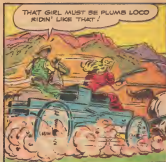


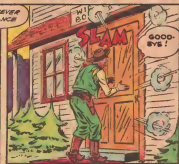


AT THE TWIN RIVER COUNTY JAILHOUSE...



BUT AS MESQUITE NEARS WIDOW JONES'S BOARDING HOUSE ---





THE ONLY WAY TUH SQUARE MYSELF WITH WIDDER JONES IS TUH FIND THAT GAL AND BRING HER BACK. THEN SHE KIN EXPLAIN WHUT HAPPENED!



SHORTLY AFTER--

THAT'S THE GAL'S WAGON! SHE MUST LIVE IN THAT HOUSE!



THAT SHE IS!



PARDON ME, MA'AM! BUT WOULD YUH MIND COMIN' BACK WITH ME TUH WIDDER JONES AND EXPLAIN WHY YUH KISSED ME?



KISSED YOU! WHY, I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

SLAP!!



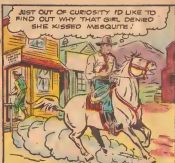
NOW GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE I CALL THE SHERIFF!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!



THAT'S ONLY ONE WAY OUTTA THIS MESS! HOPALONG'S GOTTA LET ME GIT OUTTA TOWN TILL AFTER THE DANCE! EVERYBODY EXPECTS ME TUH TAKE WIDDER JONES AND IF I DON'T I'LL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF TWIN RIVER!







NOW THINGS ARE GETTING CLEARER! DID AN OLD COYOTE RIDE BY HERE AND ASK YOU IF YOU HAD KISSED HIM?

WHY, YES, AND I SLAPPED HIM GOOD AND HARD!



WHAT'S SO FUNNY?



AND AFTER HOPALONG EXPLAINS--

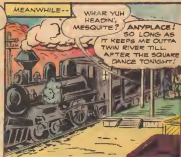
GOSH, I'M SORRY FOR THE TROUBLE I CAUSED!

IT'S O.K.! NO REAL HARM DONE!



I ONLY HOPE I CAN CATCH MESQUITE BEFORE HE LEAVES TOWN!

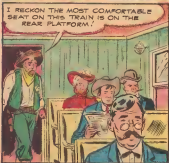
WE'LL GO OVER TO WIDOW JONES AND TELL HER THE WHOLE STORY!



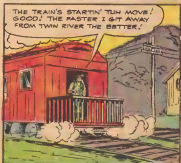
MEANWHILE--

WHAR YUH HEADIN', MESQUITE?

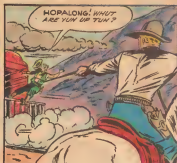
ANYPLACE! SO LONG AS IT KEEPS ME OUTTA TWIN RIVER TILL AFTER THE SQUARE DANCE TONIGHT!



I RECKON THE MOST COMFORTABLE SEAT ON THIS TRAIN IS ON THE REAR PLATFORM!



THE TRAIN'S STARTIN' TUH MOVE! GOOD! THE FASTER I GET AWAY FROM TWIN RIVER THE BETTER!





# JACK TREDDLE GETS HERO'S MEDAL

ANOTHER JIM WISE REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY



## WHAT MR WISE TOLD THE GUYS ABOUT "P-F"

HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STRIVING POWER!

1 THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL... NORMAL POSITION.

2 THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

**"P-F"**

MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION. A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY

B.F. Goodrich and HOOD RUBBER CO.



...ON BEHALF OF THE TOWN, YOUR HEROIC FAST RUNNING SAVED HADDONFIELD!

GEE, THE THANKS SHOULD GO TO "P-F". THAT'S WHAT GAVE ME SPEED!



THE FOLLOWING HIKE



# WHITEY WHISKERS

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES....  
WHITEY WHISKERS STILL  
HAS ONE BULLET LEFT!



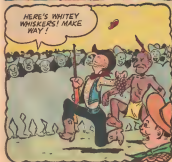
WHUT ARE YUH DOIN',  
DANIEL BOONE, JR.?



I'M TRYIN' TO SHOOT  
THAT EMPTY BIRD'S  
NEST, WHITEY  
WHISKERS!



AM RECKON YUH'LL  
NEVER DO IT THUT  
WAY, SON!



I'M GOIN' TUH SHOOT THIS  
ONE GRAPE OFF STANDIN'  
COW'S HEAD!

THUT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!

AHM NOT ONLY GOIN' TUH  
SHOOT THAT GRAPE OFF THIS  
INJUN'S HEAD BUT AHM GOIN'  
TUH DO IT BLINDFOLDED!

IT CAN'T  
BE DONE!

AHM NOT ONLY GOIN' TUH SHOOT  
THAT GRAPE OFF BLINDFOLDED,  
BUT AHM GONNA DO IT STANDIN'  
ON MY HEAD WHILE  
RIDIN' MY HOSS!!

!!!

WHUT'S MORE, AHM  
GOIN' TO DO MY SHOOTIN' FROM  
DOWN IN THUT VALLEY--

--WHILE MY TARGET, STANDIN' COW,  
WILL BE STANDIN' HERE, RIGHT ON  
TOP OF THIS CLIFF!

WHAT A SHOT  
NOT EVEN WHISKEYS CAN  
DO IT!!

AH RODE SPEEDILY  
DOWN TUH THE BOTTOM  
OF THUT VALLEY AND--

AND THEN  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

--AH WAS SO SURE OF MYSELF  
AH DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER  
TUH TAKE AIM--



# THE SPIDER'S WEB

By Dick Kraus

THE day Tim Lane came back to Longhorn, the skies were gray and ominous with oncoming rain. Lane rode up the rutted main street of the little cow town, dismounted and hitched his sorrel pony in front of the Last Chance Saloon.

As he pushed through the slatted doors of the bar, every eye turned toward his pale face. There was silence for a moment, and then he could hear covert whispers.

"It's Tim Lane! Th' kid's come back . . . wait till Banker Hayes hears about this!"

The young rider pushed his dusty Stetson back over his forehead and ordered a drink. As he waited, his deep-set blue eyes roved over the faces that were reflected in the mirror behind the bar. The white-aproned bartender served him, then asked curiously:

"Planning to stay in town long, Lane? When Roy Hayes hears that you're back in Longhorn, he won't be happy."

Tim Lane's face twisted as he downed the amber drink.

"No? That'll be too bad, because I'm planning to take root right here in Longhorn—for good!"

"For good, Tim? Are you sure?"

The voice came from the saloon door. It was soft and pleasant, but it had a compelling quality that made every man in the hall turn around as if jerked by a rawhide lariat. The man who had spoken was tall and white-

haired, dressed in the black suit of a town banker.

"I'm sorry about that, Lane, right sorry," the big man continued. "I should think that after doing time for the crime you committed here, you'd want to stay away!"

"Listen, Hayes . . ." The youth walked slowly up to the banker, his pallored face flushing. "What happened three years ago was a frame-up! I never stole from your bank when I worked for you and Elliott. Maybe someone else did, but not me!"

"All the time I was in jail I've thought about it," Tim Lane went on. "I've thought about coming back to Longhorn to clear my name. Is that plain?"

Banker Hayes shrugged his shoulders, his face expressionless.

"Your funeral, Lane. But start any trouble and I'll have you run right out of town. Remember that!"

The banker turned away, and walked out into the beginning downpour. The rain drummed fast and hard on the shingled roof of the Last Chance Saloon.

IT was early the next morning that they found Banker Hayes' murdered body. He was sprawling, face down, over a desk, in the office of his savings bank. Between his shoulder blades was a bone-handled knife. And carved on the handle of the knife were the initials "T.L."

"I don't want anything

moved," said Sheriff Martin to his deputies. "Get me Fred Elliott, Hayes' partner. He's got to know about this right away. And two of you go over to the hotel and arrest Tim Lane. If he's not there, set up a posse and find him!"

The deputies moved fast. For it was not the way of a man who had just committed murder to lie around waiting for the sheriff's office to come and get him. But that was just the way they found Tim Lane. He was lying fast asleep in his hotel room, one arm tossed over his prison-whitened face.

A deputy reached forward and shook him.

"Come on, Tim. Sheriff wants to see you."

It happened that fast and easily. And when Sheriff Martin looked for clues in the murdered man's office, he found plenty! Besides the tell-tale initials on the murder knife, Lane's footprint was found outside the slightly opened window, and a button from his shirt was on the floor of the office.

"Elliott, I don't like it," the Sheriff said to the slain man's partner. "It looks too confounded easy. Why would any murderer leave that many clues?"

Fred Elliott shook his dark head slowly.

"That's been troubling me too, Martin. But there's no other possible suspect. Look! There were only two entrances to the office—the door and window. Hayes and I had the only keys to the door, so the entrance had to be by way of the window."

"That bootprint makes it look pretty definitely 'as if Lane climbed in, did the job and went back to his hotel. He was probably too worked up to realize he was leaving clues."

The Sheriff reflexively rubbed his badge.

"We'll see what a jury thinks, Elliott. We'll see."

**J**USTICE did not wait in Longhorn. The trial was called for the next day and a jury was swiftly assembled.

When young Tim Lane was called for cross-examination, he moved stiffly and answered the prosecutor's questions mechanically.

"Is it true that you threatened Banker Hayes in the Last Chance bar, on the day you returned to Longhorn?" he was asked.

"No! I said I was bound to prove myself innocent of having robbed him years ago, and he warned me to watch my step."

The prosecutor turned toward the jury, his face grim.

"That may be, gentlemen, but I intend to prove that Lane intimated that he was guiltless of the crime he had been sentenced to and that he bore a deadly grudge against Hayes and his partner, Fred Elliott. Further I will show that on that very night, he climbed into the bank office through an open window, stabbed Hayee in the back and returned to his hotel room, believing carelessly that he had left no clues!"

It took two days for the evidence to be presented, and when that was done, the case was sewed up tighter than the McKinley election. The prosecutor closed by demanding the death penalty.

The judge turned to Tim Lane.

"Lane," he said, "you have refused counsel consistently. Will you offer any defense before I charge the jury?"

The defendant looked up, an idea half-forming in his mind. If he could somehow get into the open, get a chance to escape . . .

"Your Honor," his voice sounded hoarse and uncertain, even to himself, "will the prosecutor take us to the scene of the crime, and demonstrate how it was committed?"

The judge looked questioningly at the prosecutor and then at Sheriff Martin. Both nodded.

"Seems like a fair request," he said. "Sheriff, you will keep an adequate guard on the prisoner."

**T**EN minutes later, they were all in the office of the bank—the judge, prosecutor, jury, sheriff, Fred Elliott and Tim Lane. On the walk over, Lane had been alert to any chance for flight, but it had been useless. Now, in the office, he stared dully about.

Was there no hope? His eyes focused on the desk, then shifted slowly to a black spider that was clinging to a web across the slightly opened window.

"This was where the body was found," he could hear the prosecutor saying. "The knife—"

"Wait! Stop!" Lane caught the prosecutor's arm. "Look at that!" He pointed at the spider's web. "Look at those shriveled, dry insects in there. That web's been across that window for weeks! Nobody could have gone through without breaking it!"

The prosecutor's eyes widened. "But if the murderer didn't come through the window, he had to come through the door. And there were just two keys, Hayes' and—"

"And Elliott's!" the sheriff exclaimed.

"Fact thinking, all of you. . . ." said Fred Elliott softly.

He stood against the door, holding two guns on them.

His eyes were unwinking in a grim-visaged face.

"I couldn't figure on everything. I thought the clues I planted would be enough to do for Lane. But now—" he waved his gun at the spider's web—"I'm getting out of here. And no one's coming after me—alive!"

Swiftly, he was through the door and had slammed it behind him. They heard the lock click, and seconds later, running footsteps outside.

Tim Lane moved fast. Simultaneously, he grabbed the sheriff's .45 from his holster and lunged through the partly opened window. Ahead of him, through a spray of shattered glass, he could see Fred Elliott, reinsling a bay horse out into the street.

Lane's gun flew up and there were two shots—Elliott's and his. His eyes burned with gun-flare, and then through the acrid smoke, he could see the other man. Elliott sagged over the neck of his rearing horse and slipped like a sack of meal to the roadway.

**"T**HAT was quick thinking and fast shooting, Lane," said Sheriff Martin. "But can you figure out why Elliott killed Hayes in the first place?"

"I don't know for sure, but the bank's books will tell the story," said Tim Lane. "My guess is that Elliott had been robbing Hayes all along, and that he framed me years ago. Then, when I came back, realizing that his partner was bound to get suspicious sooner or later, Elliott decided to do him in and turn the blame on me. Just out of jail, I was a perfect suspect. So he stole my knife and boots to do the job while I was asleep."

"It would have worked, except that while he spun his web for me, another spider was spinning a web for him!"

THE END





# HOPALONG CASSIDY

THE  
SECOND  
CHANCE

CROOKED  
PATH

STRAIGHT  
PATH

OUR  
STORY  
STARTS IN TWIN RIVER--

---IT TAKES PLACE AT BAR Z, THE  
TOWN'S BIGGEST CATTLE RANCH---



BUT THINGS AREN'T  
QUITE AS PEACEFUL  
AS THEY LOOK---



THE OWNER OF THIS  
RANCH SHORE MAKES  
IT EASY TUH ROB! HE  
LEAVES THE WINDOW  
OPEN AND THAR'S  
THE SAFE!



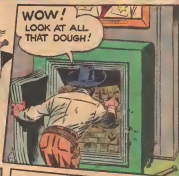
I OUGHT TUH BE  
ABLE TUH JIMMY IT  
OPEN WITH THIS  
CROWBAR!



I GOT THE CROWBAR WEDGED  
IN! NOW A GOOD TWIST SHOULD  
DO THE REST! ---  
THERE, THAT DID IT!



WOW!  
LOOK AT ALL  
THAT DOUGH!



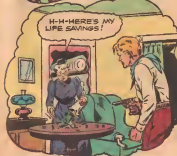
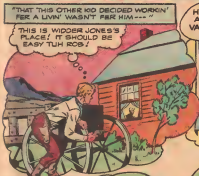
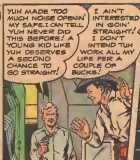
BUT AT THAT  
MOMENT---

YUH KIN  
DROP THE MONEY,  
SON! I'VE GOT  
YUH COVERED!



I'VE GOT YORE  
GUN! NOW REACH FER  
THE SKY AND TURN  
AROUND!







---BUT AS THAT KID  
RAN AWAY WITH  
WIDDER JONES'S MONEY,  
SHE LET OUT A  
SCREAM, AND---



WHAT'S THE  
TROUBLE, WIDDER  
JONES?

**HELP!**

SOME CRITTER  
JUST ROBBED ME!  
HE WENT THAT WAY!

THAT'S ONLY ONE THING  
TUH DO WITH A CRITTER  
LOW ENOUGH TUH  
STEAL FROM  
A WIDDER!

NOW,  
HOLD ON!

YUH GOT NO  
RIGHT TAKIN' THE  
LAW IN YORE  
HANDS! THIS IS  
A JOB FOR  
SHERIFF HOP-  
ALONG CASSIDY!



I RECKON WE DON'T  
NEED NO SHERIFF FER WHAT  
WE AIM TUH DO TUH HIM!



ID BETTER GIT HOPALONGS RIGHT  
AWAY! THESE COWHANDS ARE SO  
HET UP THEY'RE LIABLE TUH  
STRING UP THE HOWERE!

AND THE DEPUTY DIDN'T WASTE ANY  
TIME, ROUNDIN UP THE NEWLY ELECTED  
SHERIFF, HOPALONG CASSIDY---

THEY MUST'VE GONE  
THIS WAY.

I HOPE YERE IN  
TIME TO STOP THE MOB  
FROM DOING SOMETHING  
THEY MIGHT  
REGRET!

THE CRAZY FOOL!  
HELL NEVER GET AWAY  
NOW! THEY CHASED HIM  
RIGHT UP TO A DEAD END!  
ONCE HE GETS TO THE  
TOP HE CAN'T GET  
AWAY!

THOSE  
COWHANDS GOT  
SUCH A HEAD START  
ON US, WE'LL NEVER  
BE ABLE TO REACH  
THEM BEFORE THEY  
REACH THE  
ROBBER!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE  
RIGHT, MESQUITE. BUT  
I'M GOING TO TRY  
ANYWAY!

SIDDLAR, TOPPER!  
WE GOTTA GET TO  
THE SIDE OF THE  
MOUNTAIN!

THIS IS FAR ENOUGH,  
TOPPER!

I CAN CLIMB ABOUT  
HALF-WAY UP THE  
MOUNTAIN!

"IT DIDN'T TAKE SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY  
LONG TUH CLIMB HALF-WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN—"

THIS IS AS FAR  
AS I CAN  
CLIMB!

IF I'M GOING TO REACH  
THE CROOK BEFORE  
THOSE COWHANDS,  
TAKE THE LAW INTO  
THEIR OWN HANDS.  
THIS LASSO WILL  
HAVE TO DO  
THE TRICK!

IT'S A BAD ANGLE!  
I GOT MY DOUBTS  
IF I CAN MAKE  
IT!

"BUT HOPALONG HAD NO REASON TO DOUBT HIS ABILITY WITH A LASSO--"

I JUST HOPE THIS ROPE DOESN'T BREAK!

MADE IT!

GOOO! HERE HE COMES! AND THE COWHANDS HAVEN'T CAUGHT HIM YET!

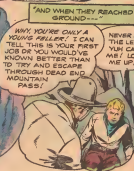
IT'S THE SHERIFF!

I GOTTA HEAD BACK!

STOP! YOU FOOL! YOU'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR THE COWHANDS!

"BUT THE KID DIDN'T LISTEN, SO---"

IF YOU WON'T LISTEN TO ME--









# HOPALONG CASSIDY



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